

THE
Capricious Lovers;

A
COMIC OPERA.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

By Mr. ROBERT LLOYD.

The Music composed by Mr. RUSH.

L O N D O N :

Printed for R. WITHY, at the Dunciad in Cornhill;
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in the Strand; and Mr. DAVIES, in Russel-Street,
Covent-Garden. 1764.

[Price Eighteen-pence.]



THIS OPERA is entered at
Stationers-Hall, and whoever
presumes to print the SONGS, or any
Part of it, will be prosecuted by the
PROPRIETORS.



THE FOLLOWING
COMIC OPERA

IS INSCRIBED TO

GEORGE COLMAN, Esq;

By his sincere Friend, and

Obliged humble Servant,

R. LLOYD.

THE FOLLOWING

COMIC OPERA

IS INCORPORATED TO

GEORGE COLMAN, JR.

By his Ancestral Friend, and

Obliged humble Servant,

R. FLOYD.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE
R E A D E R.

THE *Caprices d'Amour ou Ninette a la Cour*, written by Mr. Favart, is the ground work of the following little piece. But I believe whoever shall examine both Operas, will find that I have been perhaps too wanton in my imitation, and departed too widely from the original. They may probably wish that I had pilfered more and written less. What I have added, what I have omitted, or what I have

I have alter'd, those who can compare one piece with the other, will easily perceive, and to those who cannot make the comparison, any explanation on that head is altogether unnecessary.

When Mr. Favart's comedy was first put into my hands, I could not but be much pleased with the life and simplicity he had thrown into his performance, without descending to that species of humour, which the English have very little relish of, gross Italian buffoonry. This I have chiefly endeavoured to preserve in the following Opera, with what success the Public will determine.

Drummers

W. T. M.

Mr. T. M.

Mr. Yarn.

Mr. Biddle.

Mr. Diller.

Mr. Vernon.

W. O. M. H. M.

Miss Black.

Miss Cline.

Miss Wright.

Miss Scott.

County Village.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

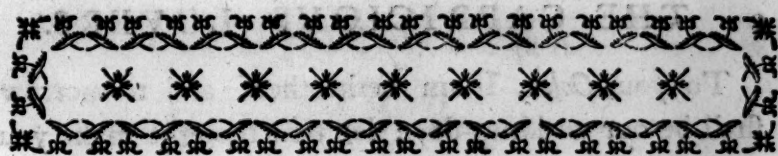
Astolpho,	Mr. Packer.
Hobbinol,	Mr. Yates.
Damon,	Mr. Baddeley.
Fabian,	Mr. Didier.
Colin,	Mr. Vernon.

W O M E N.

Phœbe,	Miss Slack.
Lifetta,	Mrs. Clive.
Clara,	Miss Wright.
Emily,	Mrs. Scott.

SCENE a Country VILLAGE.

*"Most of the songs are well written but the fall
in the last act is too much neglected. It was
performed 9 Nights & the music, in general,
well approved". Nov^r. 1763*



THE
CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

ACT. I. SCENE I.

A view of a plain intermixed with a number of fruit-trees, and the cottages of peasants, the men and women employed in different occupations before their doors and in the field.

PHOEBE *at work.*

AIR I.

*WHILE the cool and gentle breeze
Whispers fragrance thro' the trees,
Nature walking o'er the scene
Clad in robes of lively green,
From the sweetness of the place
Labour wears a chearful face.*

*Sure I taste of joys sincere,
Faithful Colin ever near;
When with ceaseless toil oppress'd,
Wearied nature sinks to rest.
All my labours to beguile
Love shall wake me with a smile.*

B

To

2 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

To you, *Colin*, I am bethrothed, and to-morrow shall be our wedding-day; let that thought make you chearful. Away, I prithee love, your work calls you; remember that the fruit of your toils will soon be bestowed upon me.

Colin. Do you bid me leave you then already? I have no power I am so happy. Will you, my dearest, grant me one boon before I go?

Phæbe. Name it.

Colin. Your hand, that I may kiss it.

Phæbe. There—take it.

Colin. Now I am alive agen. I'll to my labour strait, and whilst I pluck the fruit, you shall delight me with a song.

[*Colin gets up into the tree, the peasants come round about him with their baskets, in the mean time she sings.*]

A I R

A COMIC OPERA.

3

A I R II.

PHOEBE.

*Of Colin's tender love possess'd
My heart is glad, my spirits blest;
His chearful looks, his soul sincere
Shall give the smile, and wipe the tear.*

COLIN.

*No splendour gilds my homely scene,
My stores are few, my cottage mean,
But Phœbe's smile rewards my pain,
And Colin is a wealthy swain.*

BOTH.

*No jealous thought shall stain my breast,
No fears alarm, no cares molest,
Pleas'd with the ^{Swain} Nymph my hopes pursue
For ^{He} _{She} is kind, and I am true.*

SCENE II.

HOBBINOL, DAMON.

Hob. Go your ways for a pair of fond turtles. —
Ah *Damon*, it was just so for all the world when I
went a courting to our *Cicely*. There was such pip-
ing, and singing, and dancing — Ah ! those were
merry days—well, well—but they are all done and past

Damon. True, neighbour, true, we have had our
day: let the young ones begin now—the very thoughts

B 2

of

4 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

of their approaching happiness make my old nerves
spring agen, and I could almost caper for joy.

Hob. Body o'me, I grow young agen at the sight
of them.

A I R III.

*Tho' my features I'm told
Are grown wrinkled and old,
Dull wisdom I hate and detest.
Not a wrinkle is there
Which is furrow'd by care
And my heart is as light as the best.*

*When I look on my boys
They renew my past joys,
Myself in my children I see ;
While the comforts I find
In the kingdom my mind,
Pronounce that my kingdom is free.*

*In the days I was young,
Oh ! I capered and sung,
The lasses came flocking apace.
But now turn'd of threescore
I can do so no more,
—Why then let my boy take my place.*

*Of our pleasures we crack,
For we still love the smack
And chuckle o'er what we have been ;
Yet why should we repine,
You've had your's, I've had mine,
And now let our children begin.*

Damon.

A COMIC OPERA.

3

Damon. What signify the great folk, with their lace, and their furbelows? — all is not gold that glistens, neighbour, many a sound looking sheep, is rotten at heart—Our pleasures may be as good though not so costly as theirs.

Hob. 'Twas but last summer, *Damon*, that our Squire got himself a wife, a parlous fine lady, and a rich one too. Lord, it did one good to look upon her, she had such a delicate white and red, for all the world like our *Kate's* doll; yet a body would believe that they came together only to live asunder. — For Madam lies in one bed, Squire lies in another, and they are now like the two buckets of our town-well, when one comes up, t'other goes down, and if they happen to meet each other you would think they had never seen one another before. If this be the matrimony of your town folks give me the country I say.

Damon. I'll warrant it will not be so with our young couple — blessings light upon them, they think of nothing but the feast and the dance, and adod we'll dance at the wedding too.

Hob. Dance! ah, ah, — don't you remember *Damon*, come Lammas 'twill be six and forty years agone, when I met *Cicely* at our feast.

A I R

6 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

A I R IV.

*When the head of poor Tummas was broke
By Roger, who play'd at the wake,
And Kate was alarmed at the stroke
And wept for poor Tummas's sake;
When his worship gave noggins of ale,
And the liquor was charming and stout,
O those were the times to regale,
And we footed it rarely about.*

*Then our partners were buxom as does,
And we all were as happy as kings,
Each lad in his holyday cloaths,
And the lasses in all their best things.
What merriment all the day long!
May the feast of our Colin prove such,
Odzooks, but I'll join in the song,
And I'll hobble about with my crutch.*

Ay, it was that very day his worship was made justice of the peace and coram — then *Cicely* and I came together for the first time. — She was a tight wench then, her cheeks were as fresh as a rose and as red as a Catherine pear — there was your dancing *Damon*, when she and I were partners and —

[*Flourish of Horns.*]

Col. Oh, neighbours, neighbours, all our grounds are over-run with horses, hounds, and huntsmen, — they force into the vineyard. — Plague on all sports-
men

A COMIC OPERA. 7

men, they are born to ruin us.—Here *Roger, Tummas*, quick, make haste, the gate stands open, shut it fast, for if we don't take care they'll ravage all.

Phoebe. We must be patient, *Colin*, it's the prince's hunt.

Col. A murrain take all hunts I say.—Here are they hunting about every day and all day, and their fine sports forsooth must be our ruin. Our labour is all in vain.—they are coming this way I think, get in lads and lasses, these roaring fellows are keen sportsmen when they have our wives and daughters in chace. [*A Hunting-piece behind.*] *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE III.

Enter ASTOLPHO and FABIAN.

Fabian. A country girl! Sir, and is this the object of your adoration?

Astolpho. It is, and what is still more extraordinary, her wit charms me as much as her beauty.

Fabian. A miracle!

Astolpho. She is indeed a wonder, and I have been told that an old lady whose circumstances obliged her to dwell in retirement, has been the protectress of this sweet creature, and formed and cultivated her mind by an excellent education, leaving her possessed of the most amiable simplicity, a native frankness of temper, and an agreeable vivacity.

Fabian. Does not your highness fear some imputation?

Astolpho.

8 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

Astolpho. What signifies the blood she springs from?
A handsome woman is naturally born above her condition.

Fabian. But the Princess *Emily* Sir! her rank and virtue, —

Astolpho. I confess them. Yet my heart, spite of myself, is on the point of proving faithless to her. I doat on this little rural innocent, and what is still more extraordinary, with but little hopes of success.

Fabian. Is she so coy then?

Astolpho. My answer here must be still more romantic. I adore her, and yet, which perhaps is the best proof, I have never dared to utter my passion.

Fabian. But how can you hope to gain her heart without solicitation?

Astolpho. For that purpose I have at length retained a female solicitor, *Lisetta*, whom I have sent to exert all her artifice to win her to the court. I have no reliance but upon her skill, but here they come — let us retire, and watch their conversation.

SCENE IV.

THE ARABIC COMIC OPERA.

SCENE VI.

PHOEBE.

A I R V.

*When vapours o'er the meadow die
And morning streaks the purple sky,
I wake to love with jocund glee
To think on him, who doats on me.*

*With secret pleasure I survey
The frolic birds in amorous play,
While fondest cares my heart employ
Which flutters, leaps, and beats for joy.*

Enter LISSETTA

You must have a very merry heart, pretty nymph, to be so chearful in such a low and obscure condition.

Phæbe. The obscurity of my condition is the means of my happiness: what have I to disturb my tranquillity?

Lissetta. Tranquillity! Oh melancholy! tranquillity is the pleasure of a drone, dull and stupid. I love active pleasures, to go on in a perfect round of delights, that whirl one about 'till one's almost giddy with happiness, and keep one as busy as a bee. Indeed

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my

10 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

my dear creature, you are most horribly mistaken. Your purling streams, secret groves, and dying swains, are mighty pretty things to read of, but there is nothing so absurd in nature as preferring the gloom of a country life amongst a parcel of cows, sheep, and men like brutes, to the brilliancy of a court. — And let me tell you, young maiden, that face was never made to be buried in a cottage. Come, come, I know something that would make your little heart go pit-a-pat for an exchange. You shall have nothing to do but to wish and be satisfied. You shall have coaches and horses, and jewels and servants.

Phæbe. Alas a day ! who will give me all these fine things ?

Lisetta. Don't you remember the other day, you shewed a gentleman his way out of these woods, who comes a hunting here sometimes ?

Phæbe. Oh that's the civil gentleman who calls himself the prince's friend. He has promised to speak a word for us at court, and to be sure he'll do us real services, for he professes great regard.

Lisetta. Regard — a fiddlestick for regard, — such beauty as your's will command love wherever it appears. What signifies moping in these deserts — only consider how you will shine in a court.

Phæbe. Ah madam, I see you laugh at me. I am not designed for such fine folks, I should be ashamed to shew my face at court.

Lisetta. Not you indeed. There is no such thing as shame at court. — You shall flaunt it about in a gilt equipage, with tall handsome footmen behind it,
dressed

THE COMIC OPERA. II

dressed in silks and sattins, and gold and silver, and fringes, and laces and flounces, with jewels on your fingers and diamonds in your ears, and a watch by your side. And then your toilette! oh your toilette!

Phæbe. Toilette! What's that?

Lisetta. What a pretty Nizi 'tis! The ladies treasury, from whence in all ages they draw their most lasting charms. The throne of art, the armory of cupid, and the altar of the graces; it is there that they triumph over nature, and repair the ruins of age by the delicate touches of the pencil.

AIR

12 THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

A I R. VI.

Yes that's a magazine of arms

To triumph over time.

Whence beauty borrows half her charms

And always keeps her prime.

At that the prude, coquette, and saint

Industrious sets her face,

While powder, patch, and wash, and paint

Repair or give a grace.

To arch the brow there lies the brush,

The comb to tinge the hair,

The Spanish wool to give the blush,

The pearl to die them fair.

Hence rise the wrinkled, old, and grey,

In freshest beauty strong,

As Venus fair, as Flora gay,

As Hebe ever young.

Phæbe. This is past my comprehension,——I don't understand it.——Shall I grow handsomer at court ?

Lifetta. Aye to be sure.

Phæbe. I should like it vastly, I wish I was there. Had I more charms, *Colin* perhaps might love me better.

Lifetta. Try.

Phæbe. I have a good mind and yet I am afraid, — but see yonder comes the gentleman who belongs to the prince.

Lifetta.

Lisetta. So, so, her vanity begins to work apace.
The fish nibbles, I'll leave him to hook it.

Exit Lisetta.

SCENE V.

Enter ASTOLPHO.

Astolpho. Good-morrow fair maiden, what still at your rustic employments. Fie, fie, to bury such charms in the country is treason against beauty.

Phæbe. Indeed Sir, your language is past my simple understanding. — A fine gentlewoman was here but now, and she talked all riddles to me; pray, Sir, can you explain them? She told me that there was a receipt at court to make beauty everlasting, and that somebody adores me; for my part I can't find what she means.

Astolpho. Oh *Phæbe*!

Phæbe. Bless me! Sir, you sigh, is there any thing gives you pain? What is the matter with you?

Astolpho. I love you, *Phæbe*.

Phæbe. Is that all?—And so you love me.

Astolpho. Most sincerely.

Phæbe. I'm glad on't.

Astolpho. Indeed!

Phæbe. Aye indeed, Sir. Surely Sir you will not deny the request of her you love.

Astolpho. No *Phæbe*, no, name it and be satisfied.

Phæbe. You know Sir, they are continually hunting here from morn to night, if you have any interest, good Sir,

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Sir, speak to the prince, that we may be no more troubled with him, for my part I can't find out what has possessed them to run over our fields in such a manner; for the pleasure of killing a little leveret they'll destroy you forty acres of corn——only see.

Astolpho. Be satisfied,——your request is already granted.

Phæbe. I thank you Sir with all my heart, and above all I beg you will never come here, for I don't like to see you.

Astolpho. What! how's that *Phæbe*, I hoped——

Phæbe. Hoped!——pray what Sir.

Astolpho. You do not love me then——

Phæbe. I! not I indeed—I love *Colin*.

Astolpho. Vexation! who? *Colin*! who!

Phæbe. A young man in our parish who courts me and has promised me marriage.

Astolpho. Consider *Phæbe*, do not throw away your affections, place them more properly. Let me conjure you. [Taking hold of her hand.]

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter COLIN.

Colin. Softly, softly maister, you may not touch my *Phæbe*.

Astolpho. So here's my worthy rival.

Phæbe. [putting herself before *Colin*.]

Phæbe. I pray Sir, do not hurt him.

Astolpho. Be not alarmed, pretty maiden, I come not here to cause unhappiness. He rests secure for me, if *Colin* is indeed so dear to you, be assured I am his friend—

Colin. Plague on the friendship of the fox, who comes in such a civil leering way to steal away the chickens.—If you must needs pamper yourself with a delicate morsel, e'en look for it elsewhere.

PHOEBE.

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PHOEBE.

A I R VII.

*Be calm I pray my true love dear,
You know not what you're doing,
A lord is in our presence here,
Affront may prove our ruin.*

COLIN.

*How can I e're believe him such
These crafty wiles pursuing.*
ToAst.] *My lord you honour me too much,
—A plagut on both your wooing.*

PHOEBE.

*Oh Colin cease your idle prate ;
Your folly must undo us.
You know not from a man so great
What favour may come to us.*

COLIN.

*Believe not what the courtiers swear,
They ruin whilst they're civil,*
ToAst.] *I thank you Sir for all your care,
—Such kindness is the devil.*

ASTOLPHO to PHOEBE.

*I was in hopes my tendernefs might have won upon
you; the happy Colin, I perceive, interests you more ;
may he be the means of compleating your happiness,
though*

though I am rewarded with affliction. But your will shall be my law, adieu, remember, think upon my love, and be assured of every service in my power.

Exit.

Colin. Thank heaven the coast is clear, and all is calm agen.

Phæbe. Indeed, *Colin*, you treated the gentleman much too roughly.—He is a lord, and he has promised to carry me to court.

Colin. To court! and will you go?

Phæbe. To be sure, why not? they say it is a charming place, — we'll go together, love!

Colin. Hear me, *Phæbe*, nothing that's handsome is safe at court, his design is to betray you, which you don't seem to suspect, — he talked to you about love, why did you listen to him, *Phæbe*?

Phæbe. What if he did talk about love, his love is hopeless, and your courtiers are too well bred to offend against good manners.

Colin. Yes, yes, they are such sort of folks to be sure—you have found them so.

Phæbe. Why do you suspect me? I only give ear to such discourse to laugh at it, to laugh with you my dear *Colin*, remain secure in that assurance.

Colin. O no doubt that is charming and fine, but don't I see him at this very moment lurking about, and staring upon you as if he'd look you through and through? as he is not yet gone about his business, go home to your own cottage, to-morrow you are to be my wife, go along without any more to do. I tell you it must be so.—

D

Phæbe.

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Phæbe. I can't—

Colin. You must—

Phæbe. I won't—

Colin. You shall —

Phæbe. Mighty well, *Colin*, I don't deserve this at your hands, let me alone !

PHOEBE.

A I R VIII.

*Be not so cross and rude,
You hurt me Colin—Oh —
My lord is much too good
To see me treated so.*

*His lordship's tender care,
Shall keep me free from harm ;
I'll tell him all I swear —
O lud ! you break my arm.*

SCENE VII.

ASTOLPHO, FABIAN, and Attendants.

Astolpho. Insolent villian ! release her this instant !

Colin. Let us alone Sir, I beseech you, 'tis our own affair, and you have nothing to do with us.

Fabian. Stand off, fellow, 'tis the prince.

Phæbe. The prince ; you ! the prince.

Astolpho.

Astolpho. Yes, I endeavoured to conceal my rank, that your love might be disinterested. But to preserve you, I will now use my own authority. ——— come hither ———

Colin. The prince! ——— the devil [*Aside.*]

Astolpho. Come, *Phæbe*, and adorn my court, there your beauty shall shine with all it's advantages, and partake with the sovereign of the homage of all hearts.

Phæbe. Yes Sir, I will go with you. (*To Colin*) Henceforth you shall learn to prize me better.

Colin. Was ever such perfidy?

P H O E B E.

A I R IX.

*Go! seek some nymph of humbler lot,
To share thy board, and deck thy cot,
With joy I fly the simple youth
Who holds me light, or doubts my truth.*

*Thy breast for love too wanton grown,
Shall mourn it's peace and pleasure flown,
Nor shall my faith reward a swain
Who doubts my love, or thinks me vain.*

Colin. A plague take the whole sex, say I, they are as light as chaff, and fickle as the wind.

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A I R X.

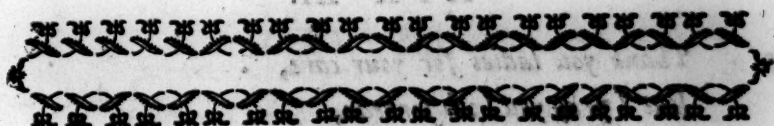
*Thus laughed at, jilted, and betray'd,
I stamp, I tear, I rave;
Capricious, light, injurious maid,
I'll be no more thy slave.*

*I'll rend thy image from my heart,
Thy charms no more engage;
My soul shall take the juster part,
And love shall yield to rage.*

Exeunt Omnes.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Toilette. PHOEBE dressing.

LISETTA and CLARA.

LISETTA.

A LITTLE more rouge, if your ladyship
pleases.

Phæbe. Ladyship! don't laugh at me.

Lisetta. One slight touch more.

Phæbe. More daubing! have done, I'll no more
on't.

AIR

A I R XI.

*Thank you ladies for your care,
 But I pray you both forbear,
 Sure I am all o'er scratches !
 That your curious hands must place,
 Such odd spots upon my face
 With your pencils, paint, and patches.*

*How I totter in my gait,
 From a dress of so much weight,
 With my robe too dangling after ;
 Could my Colin now but see
 What a thing they've made of me,
 Oh he'd split his sides with laughter.*

You have made a strange figure of me indeed at last. These things are wondrous awkward to me, pray let's have done.

Clara. Your diamonds madam.

Phæbe. O how they sparkle. — but there are some flowers — Poh, they have no smell ! — every thing is unnatural here. Beauty is but a painted sign. All is imposture even to the very flowers.

Clara. These flowers ma'am, are made to please the sight, not the smell, and in this instance they excel those of nature.

A I R

AIR XII.

*The flowers which grace their native beds,
Awhile put forth their blushing heads,
But e'er the close of parting day
They wither, shrink, and die away.*

*But these which mimic skill hath made,
Nor scorch'd by suns, nor kill'd by shade;
Shall blush with less inconstant hue,
Which art at pleasure can renew.*

Lisetta. A fan for your ladyship.

Phæbe. Dear me! what use can I make of this?

Lisetta. This is a wonderful instrument. It's exercise is various and elegant. You shall hear it ma'am.

AIR

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A I R XIII.

*For various purpose serves the fan,
As thus — a decent blind,
Between the sticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.*

*Each action has a meaning plain,
Resentment's in the fnap,
A flirt expresses strong disdain,
Consent a gentle tap.*

*All passions will the fan disclose,
All modes of female art,
And to advantage sweetly shews
The hand if not the heart.*

*'Tis folly's scepter first designed
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.*

Ah ma'am, you'll soon understand the power of this art. I am ravish'd with it already. What an amiable figure!

Clara. What a genteel air!

Lisetta. How immensely elegant!—horrid creature?
(*Aside.*)

Phæbe. (*Overhearing*) What did you say?

Lisetta. Quite in nature; —you'll be the object of general adoration.

Clara.

Clara. All the world will feel the force of your charms.

Phoebe. Charms! are these your charms? I hardly know myself, and yet after all, a peacock, a jay, or a butterfly is dress'd ten times finer; here are gold and silver, and jewels, and ribbands of all the colours in the rain-bow. — A great hoop that hides my real figure, wafhes that take away my natural complexion, shoes that will cripple me, and stays that make me crooked. I wish I was in my own cloaths again.

A I R XIV.

*When late a simple rustic lass,
I rovd without constraint,
A stream was all my looking glass,
And health my only paint.*

The charms I boast, (alas how few!)

I gave to nature's care,

As vice ne'er spoilt their native hue,

They could not want repair.

Lisetta. Your ladyship will excuse me, but upon my word, your notions are quite antiquated, and have not the least relish of the *Bon Ton*.

Phoebe. *Bon Ton!* what's that!

Lisetta. Every thing in the world, ma'am, in the polite world at least. It is impossible to look, or walk, or talk without it ma'am.

Phoebe. What will you persuade me out of my senses! d'ye think to make me believe that I have not

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the use of my eyes, my tongue, or my feet? Don't I speak plainly? Don't you understand me? Don't you call this *speaking*?

Lisetta. Not quite according to the *bon ton*, madam; there is no occasion for your speaking plainly, it is the worst thing you can do, nor for my understanding you, nay indeed, that's still worse than t'other, you should never speak to be understood. As to your manner, d-r-a-w-l out your words in a faint weak voice as if you did not know how to get them off your tongue. Your ladyship, *entre nous*, speaks too much in the country tone. You seem all health and spirits. Put a little sickly delicacy into your accents, languish with your eyes; and totter in your gait, and then you'll be quite in the *bon ton* ma'am.

Phæbe. How strange and ridiculous! surely this place is the region of absurdities.

A I R. XV.

*How strange the mode which truth neglects
And rests all beauty in defects!
But we by homely nature taught,
Tho' rude in speech are plain in thought.*

Lisetta. Why there again! in your finging now! Your ladyship has a fine pipe, but not a note according to the *bon ton*. No Italian expression, which is the life and soul of all music, the very essence of harmony; your fingers of taste will run up and down the ladder of sounds from the cellar up to the garret, now rumbling along in the grand *Spirituoso* till they make your

your ears crack again, and then in the *Piano* they expire like a swan to their own melody. In our favourite compositions we are not contented with making the sound an echo to the sense, but by a happy jumbling of both together create the most exquisite confusion of harmony in the universe. Please your ladyship, I'll give you a specimen; and then, if you please, I'll attend you to court,

A I R XVI.

*Tho' thunder in thy accents roll,
No fear shall shake my daring soul,
O tyrant, grumble, rant and rave,
My spirit scorns to be thy slave.*

*But pity lends her soothing aid,
Can I forsake my tender maid?
O tyrant, vain is thy decree,
Her mournful looks are death to me.*

E 2 SCENE

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SCENE II.

Another apartment in the Palace.

FABIAN. ASTOLPHO.

Astolpho. Yes *Fabian*, I do observe, nay pity her uneasiness. The sensibility of the princess alarms me; I know her virtues, and am convinced of her affection for me. Though from her delicacy she has not hitherto upbraided me, I perceive she entertains strong suspicions, which you know are but too well grounded.

Fabian. Yet those my lord, are easily removed.

Astolpho. And how?

Fabian. Your highness' orders have already done it, for what you promised *Phæbe*, will be a proof, which *Emily* cannot suspect, that this amour has nothing real in it. When this same *Colin* whom the young madam doats on comes to court, his love will be a blind for your's.

Astolpho. True I have sent for him, but what then? — pray explain.

Fabian. The awkward simplicity of country lovers must make an agreeable contrast with the elegance of court manners, an amusement only fit for laughter. As such only you designed it, for that purpose you brought them hither, for entertainment and observation. The princess cannot suspect your designs upon *Phæbe*, when her own *Colin* is permitted to be with her, and you will easily find means to compass your intentions when all suspicions are quieted.

Astolpho. But see the princess comes—I would avoid her —

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter EMILY and CLARA.

Emily. He shuns me *Clara*, alas 'tis now beyond a doubt.

Clara. Do not torment yourself, and create imaginary affliction.

A I R XVII.

*Our selves too often we deceive,
And wrong our judgement to believe,
When thinking harshly of the swain
We cheat our hopes and brood on pain.*

Emily. With the generality of women I confess the heart is not so much affected as their vanity is hurt by the fickleness of their lovers. Self love is too often the link which unites their souls, but the only interest which sways my bosom is the purest and tenderest affection.

Clara. Believe me, madam, the prince is no stranger to your tenderness—he will return it.

Emily. You would comfort me I see—perhaps I am alarmed from too slight a cause. However, watch their steps if you regard your mistress.

EMILY.

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EMILY.

A I R XVIII.

*If tyrant love with cruel dart
Transfix the maiden's tender heart,
Of easy faith and fond belief
She hugs the dart and aids the thief.*

*Till left her helpless state to mourn,
Neglected, loving, and forlorn;
She finds, while grief her bosom stings,
As well as darts the god has wings.*

But who is this the prince brings with him? — Oh
'tis the village nymph he so much doats on. I must
observe them. *Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter PHOEBE. ASTOLPHO.

Astolpho. Well, what think you of the court, does
it delight you, *Phæbe*?

Phæbe. It is the seat of wonders. Every thing
changes character here, the men are quite different. I
met one who is the lord of the manor in our neighbour-
hood, a very proud gentleman amongst us, he carries
his head so high and looks so fierce, and threatens
folks with his cane in the country if they do but look
upon

upon him, here he was bowing and scraping and cringing. Why are they so complaisant here, these great folks who terrify and combineer over us in the country? Does the court make them so much better? No, I believe if they do any good here 'tis only to get a right to do something bad elsewhere.

Astolpho. I hear you with pleasure. Did not the brilliancy and the politeness of court surprize —

Phœbe. Oh they were extravagantly polite indeed. They paid their compliments with wonderful civility, and ran over my person and features in a loud whisper with the most minute observation, — upon my word she's a mighty pretty tight thing, quite an angel for the country, what a poor little innocent it is, what an air she has, what a walk, what a voice! —

Astolpho. Oh, that is mere pleasantry — they'll be more careful by and by, and shew you infinitely more respect. They will be eager to invent new diversions for you, they will read your wishes in your eyes, and I my dear will serve them as a model.

SCENE V.

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SCENE V.

Enter EMILY, CLARA.

Emily to Phæbe. So madam, you have made a noble conquest. Suffer me, I beseech you, to pay my homage where the prince pays his.

Astolpho. Nay, but *Emily*, you misunderstand.

Emily to Phæbe. Your superior charms.

Phæbe. Pray madam do not mock me.

Emily to Astolpho. Don't disturb yourself my lord my presence interrupts I see, I will retire.

Phæbe. Stay, stay, we have no secrets to talk of The prince and I——

Emily. I understand you madam. It were wonderful indeed if charms like your's had not most terrible effects.

A I R. XIX.

*I must approve your highness' flame,
Your passion for the fair,
And all the world must feel the same,
Who marks her shape and air.*

*A mien so rich in ev'ry grace,
Her manners so polite,
Such beauty beaming from her face,
Was ever such a fright !*

Phæbe.

Phæbe. So then, the prince is her lover. Yes, yes, I plainly perceive it. Upon my word, this place abounds with very odd customs. (*To Astolpho*) Can you divide your heart to two at a time. (*To Emily*) The prince loves me too, madam, he has sworn it.

Emily. (*ironically to Astolpho.*) Meer pleasantry; that's all.

Astolpho to Emily. Nay, but I assure you.

Phæbe to Emily. You need not be under any apprehensions on my account. For my part I love *Colin*.

Astolpho. Yes, yes, *Colin* is her love, and *Colin* shall come, I told you so—(*To Emily*) Don't give any credit.

Emily. I believe nothing.

Astolpho. 'Twas but a whim that caused all this, for I imagined the rustic simplicity of these peasants might make an agreeable contrast with the refined manners of our courtiers.

Emily. (*Forcing a laugh*) A very ridiculous project truly! Oh we shall be charmingly amused. Come let us hear some of her prattle.—Well my dear, and how do you like the court?

Phæbe. May I speak, my lord?

Astolpho. Oh, what you please.

Phæbe. Then if I must fairly confess the truth, I am heartily tired of this horrid place, where every object I perceive seems a contradiction to common sense. Their whole design is to reverse nature; where people are for ever busy in doing nothing, where they eat without appetite, and lie down without rest, where

F

their

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their mirth is all grimace, and their pleasure nothing but perpetual noise.

Clara. Her observation, madam, to me seems perfectly just; groves and retirement are your only places for innocence and simplicity.

A I R. XX.

*Along your verdant lowly vale
Calm Zephyr breathes a gentle gale,
But rustling thro' the lofty trees
It swells beyond the peaceful breeze.*

*Thus free from envy's poison'd dart,
You boast a pure unruffled heart,
While jarring thoughts our peace deform
And swell our passions to a storm.*

Emily. And pray when is she to return to her village again? is she to go to-morrow?

Phæbe. No Sir, to night, to night, I beseech you, the sooner the better.

Emily. Come, come then, let us leave her to prepare for her journey, and indulge her meditation on her beloved *Colin*. Your servant, my dear.

Astolpho. Adieu, *Phæbe*, don't be uneasy, your *Colin* will soon be here.

Astolpho and Emily out.

Phæbe. Your servant my dear; a mighty pretty subject to laugh at truly. E'en keep your prince to
F 2 yourself,

yourself, I want none of him. I am sure, I did not come here to look for him. (*weeping*) I have nothing to reproach myself with, only let them suffer me to go and I shall be happy. Is it my fault? what have I to do with it? If *Colin* was to treat me so, instead of making myself so pleasant with other folks, I should die for grief.—But what is this I hear,—ah 'tis *Colin*, how engaging he'll find me, let me see if he will recollect me in this dress.

COLIN.

A I R. XXI.

*Plague take such folks,
Their whims, their jokes,
With their nonsense, rant and riot,
This calls me clown,
That shoves me down,
Can a body ne'er be quiet?*

*So push'd about,
Thrust in, thrust out,
In a tumult, noise and hurry
I'm squeez'd to death,
I've lost my breath,
And my wits run hurry scurry.*

Here have they dragged me out of the country to make a fool and laughing stock of me. A parcel of servants I think they called them, though I took

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them for lords, they were all so belac'd and beruffled, have put me into this drefs forsooth in spite of my teeth; and what have I to do with these taudry trappings. I want nothing in this world but mine own sweet-heart *Phæbe*. They came truly to fetch me hither, and yet I can't find her; a plague upon 'em, every thing distracts me; I know not whether I stand on my head or my legs.

Phæbe. I'll e'en go and accost him——Sir! Sir.

Colin. Lud lud, what can this fine lady want with me?

Phæbe. This is the luckiest accident in the world; he can never find me out through this disguise.

Colin. How she surveys me, I believe she'll look me through and through.

Phæbe. I'll e'en try his constancy, — and pray Sir what occasion can have brought you to court?

Colin. Me? I only come to look for our *Phæbe*.

Phæbe. Who Sir, *Phæbe*?

Colin. Yes, a tight lass of our parish, who has promis'd to be my wife, but she has left me in the lurch.

Phæbe. You amaze me, that's scarce possible.

Colin. Aye forsooth but it's true.

Phæbe. But after all, Sir, why should that give you any manner of uneasiness, a person of your figure I am sure has it always in his power to make a better choice; you was never made to be treated with disdain. I tell you so, Sir, as a friend.

Colin. Friend! a friend to me, madam. Lord! I never saw you before in my life.

Phæbe.

Phæbe. Upon my word, Sir, I wish you well.

Colin. What? without knowing me?

Phæbe. Oh Sir, people of your sort are easily known; you have a certain air in your countenance, an appearance in your dress.——

Colin. Oh madam, upon my word——

Phæbe. Which sufficiently explain themselves to my eyes.

Colin. O, as to that, your ladyship——

Phæbe. And then what is still more distinguishing, your excessive politeness.

Colin. Politeness! I polite! indeed, madam, I don't pretend to know any thing of that matter. To be sure I was always counted a civil body, and I know how to keep my distance and doff my hat, for I know that's good manners for certain when one talks to a great lady.

Phæbe. But you Sir are a gentleman.

Colin. A gentleman! I a gentleman! O lud, O lud.

Phæbe. I see it plainly, but you are infinitely too modest, you are indeed.——

Colin. Yes, yes, forsooth, I am a country gentleman.

Phæbe. And that Sir, is all in all, that is a sufficient recommendation, and demands a peculiar protection.

Colin. (*Aside*) Odsbud, but I believe this lady has taken a fancy to me. They had good reason indeed, who told me one need but shew one's face at court to make one's fortune.

Phæbe.

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Phæbe. Bless me, what a charming figure; what ease, what elegance, Oh Sir, if you come hither to make your fortune you cannot fail of success. Come, come, you shall be my servant. — O heavens what ails me! I am so dizzy I can hardly stand; lord how my heart flutters!

Colin. O madam, madam, shall I assist you.

Phæbe. No Sir, I thank you, by no means. I begin to recover, I feel myself grow better apace. Oh the sweet, sweet gentleman!

Colin. Indeed, madam, you frighten me, what would you have me do, pray speak, madam.

Phæbe. You must—O Sir spare my blushes, lord how I tremble!—You must love me a little——can you? will you? if you do your fortune is made.

Colin. This can be no trick. It grieves me to see her in such a taking. I'll e'en pretend to fall in love with her. Adad, I must have more about me than I dreamt of to make such quick impressions on ladies of such high fashion.

Phæbe. (*Aside*) So so, he begins to waver. Let me see how far he will carry it—well Sir, and will you agree to my proposal? — give me your hand.

Colin. Oh madam, I—I dare not.——

Phæbe. Am I so frightful then?—come, come.

Colin. There then—I never was hard-hearted in all my days.

Phæbe. (*discovering herself*) Oh traitor, have I caught you—this is no more than I expected; now look upon me. Is it thus you reward your *Phæbe*?

Colin.

Colin. Phæbe! who! Phæbe!

Phæbe. Yes, it is Phæbe. I have found you now.

Colin. A plague upon it, who would have dreamt of this?

DUETT.

*Phæbe. See, traitor, now before thy face
Thy falshood stands confest.*

*Colin. O maiden, think me not so base,
I feign'd it I protest.*

Phæbe. Go, go, deceitful swain.

Colin. Say not these words again.

Phæbe. Thy guilt is now too true.

Colin. Such words are death from you.

Phæbe. No better are thy due.

Colin. Yes, better are my due.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

S C E N E I.

A Street.

HOBBINOL, DAMON.

Damon. **A**YE, aye, neighbour, your fine folk, for all their vapouring and bouncing, are no honefter than they should be. Who would have thought that our *Phæbe* would have been sent for to court!

Hob. Sent for quoth a; no *Damon*, trepanned, drawn in by artifice.—Lord! what a parcel of nonsense of teeth, and lips, and ivory, and coral, and diamonds, did some of those scented puppets pour out before the wenches in our village, till the maids grew so fantastick that they did not know their heads from their tails.

Damon. Fair words cover foul dealings; give me plain speech, and plain manners I say.

Hob. By my troth, Gaffer, I never could abide these leg-making gentry, who, bow and scrape, and palaver, with their hats stuck, like gizzards, under their arms; and all the while they mean no more by their civility

civility than to cuckold the husband, or debauch the daughter.

Damon. Thank Heav'n *Hobbinol*, we have none of those vices, we are not so polite.

Hobbinol. In good truth, neighbour, I envy none of those sort of folk.

A I R. XXII.

*Tho' my dress, as my manners, is simple and plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain;
My dealings are just and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands a year.*

*Tho' bent down with age and for sporting uncouth,
I feel no remorse from the follies of youth;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And my boys think my life not a moment too long.*

*Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
Creep under, dance over for title or place;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.*

But sure they cannot mean mischief to our young couple, since my boy *Colin* has been sent for to court with all haste, and to meet your *Phæbe* they said. — Body O me, how their eyes will sparkle when they meet each other! I'll warrant you now she is as melancholly as a turtle that has lost it's mate.

G

Damon.

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Damon. But for my part, *Hobbinol*, I cannot abide the thoughts of her being at court; why the place is for all the world like a fair, full of nonsense, noise and shew.

Hob. Aye neighbour, they keep fair here all the year round, and a plentiful market too, only the goods now and then are a little stale.

Damon. A plague take their town manners I say. Though I doff my hat never so low, and bespeak them never so civilly, they do but laugh in my face. Adod, I think we been as proper folks as the best of them in our time. They mun keep their flaunts and fleers to themselves. It is a wonderment to me, neighbour, how we found our way hither.

Hob. Or how we escaped whole from so many dangers. I thought I should have had my body squeezed to death by one of those Iggetting fellows, with poles in his hand and a chair at his backside, who thrust me into the kennel almost under the wheel of a coach, and then furlily cry'd out, "by your leave." — Had I known that had been the way of asking a civil question, ecod! but I would have had my crutch ready to have given him an answer.

Damon. Well, well, these disasters are at an end now.

Hob. True Gaffer, true, we mun not bide here, we must try what we can to recover our children, and for my part I do think *Colin* will be perfect mad if he misses his dear *Phœbe*.

Exeant.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A dressing room in the Palace.

PHOEBE, LISETTA.

A I R. XXIII.

*From flow'r to flow'r the butterfly,
 O'er fields or gardens ranging,
 Sips sweets from each and flutters by,
 And all his life is changing.*

*Thus roving man new objects sway,
 By various charms delighted,
 While she who pleases most to day
 To-morrow shall be slighted.*

Faithless, faithless *Colin*! And pray, madam, does *Colin* know the prince designs this visit to me?

Lisetta. O yes, he is informed of it—long since, poor soul.

Phæbe. The news of it has affected him no doubt—

Lisetta. Oh yes, madam, for a quarter of an hour, or so. Now he'd run up and down stamping and tearing, and raving and rending like a madman; then he'd stop short of a sudden, and folding his arms like a lover despairing beside a clear stream, heave a desperate sigh, with the most rueful length of face mortal ever beheld. The Knight of the woeful countenance was a cherub in comparison.

G 2

A I R

A I R. XXIV.

*Oh 'twould pierce a heart of stone
To hear him roar and blubber,
So great a lover ne'er was known,
—Nor e'er so great a lubber.*

*Like little master left alone,
By gay mamma forsaken,
With hiccup, sob, and sigh and groan
His heart is almost breaking.*

But, like the rest of his sex, sorrow took no fast hold of him, 'twas but an April shower, and all was fair again.

Phæbe. Indeed *Lifetta*, were it not for his treachery I could almost find in my heart to pity him. But, dear *Lifetta*, I find myself strangely fatigued; your pleasures here pall the mind without entertaining it; my spirits are quite overpower'd.

Lifetta. I'm glad of it; now, now you begin to have the *bon ton*.—I was sure your ladyship could not be so long amongst the polite world without catching the manners of it. 'Tis nothing but nerves, weak nerves, and fashionable vapours, things of course.

Phæbe. Vapours, and weak nerves, why can it be a fashion to be sick?

Lifetta. O lord! as I told you before, it's downright ungentee! to be otherwise. Your ruddy complexions, and active limbs, may do very well for a dairy maid
in

in the country; but here they are perfectly unnecessary, nay, absolutely improper. Lard, ma'm, it is as unfashionable for a fine lady to be without a complaint, as 'tis to be out of debt.

Phæbe. The more I observe your manners here, the more they surprize me.——But were it not possible, madam, that *Colin* might be concealed some where hereabouts, that he may over-hear our intercourse?

Lisetta. Undoubtedly, madam; but for what purpose does your ladyship intend ——

Phæbe. The dearest in the world, revenge.

Lisetta. That is indeed a most delicious morsel, and the injustice he has done you by his suspicions, deserves the worst of mortifications from your hands.

Phæbe. Well, *Lisetta*, I leave that management to you. The prince will be delighted with it. Adieu, I shall attend his highness's pleasure.

Exit Lisetta.

If *Colin* blames me now 'tis not without reason, but I will still surprize him more. Alas! why did I come hither! Is it the air I breathe which poisons all my peace? at home, my only thought was mirth, for there all was tranquillity, pleasure and happiness.

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A I R. XXV.

*When far from fashion's gilded scene
I breath'd my native air,
My thoughts were calm, my mind serene,
No doubtings harboured there.*

*But now no more myself I find,
Distraction rends my breast;
While hopes and fears disturb my mind,
And murder all my rest.*

Enter EMILY, CLARA.

Emily. So, *Clara*, I still find her here you see. The so much boasted charms of the country will I fear lose all their relish after the splendour of a court.

Clara. Love, madam, is undoubtedly very intoxicating, and it is no wonder if the addresses of a prince turn the brain of an ignorant village lass.

A I R.

A I R XXVI.

*Flattering hopes the mind deceiving
Easy faith too often cheat,
Woman, fond and all believing,
Loves and hugs the dear deceit.*

*Noisy shew of pomp and riches,
Cupid's trick to catch the fair,
Lowly maids too oft bewitches,
Flattery is the beauty's snare.*

Emily to *Phæbe*. So then, you will not leave us yet. The court has stronger attractions than you were aware of, *Phæbe*.

Phæbe Alas ! madam, did it depend upon my choice I would be far off. The pleasures of this place are lost upon me, they are too artificial for us simple folks who are the servants of nature.

Emily. Quit then, as fast as you can, a place so contrary to your manners. I would not delay a moment. Alas ! why cannot I shake off this troublesome pomp and pageantry of courts ?

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A I R. XXVII.

*What's all the pomp of gaudy courts,
But vain delights, and tinsel toys,
While pleasure crowns your rural sports
With calm content, and tranquil joys.*

Clara. O lard! madam, how pretty must it be to wander along by the flowery banks of murmuring rivers, and to breath the delightful fragrance of the meadows ! Oh 'tis a paradise on earth.

A I R. XXVIII.

*Return, sweet lads, to flocks and swains,
Where simple nature mildly reigns,
Where love is every shepherd's care,
And every nymph is kind as fair.*

*The court has only tinsel toys,
Insipid mirth and idle noise ;
But rural joys are ever new,
While nymphs are kind, and shepherds true.*

Phæbe. Upon my word, ladies, you reason excellently well in your turn. I perceive the advice of every body flows from self-interested motives. You would most obligingly inform me that my presence displeases you, madam ; I heartily believe it. — But, now I think

think on it, I can't go yet, 'tis absolutely impossible. I have a particular engagement with the prince.

Emily. With the prince!

Phæbe. Yes, with the prince; Oh you will laugh exceedingly.——

Emily. Laugh! I laugh! how!

Phæbe. The prince you know is in love with you.

Emily. (*sighs*) And what then?

Phæbe. Then!—why he desires an interview with me.

Emily. Which you have granted, I suppose,

Phæbe. Oh, doubtless. It is not for folks in such an humble situation as mine to refuse so great an honour, and indeed, after so many instances of friendship and protection, it were a sin to deny so small a request. But I see, madam, you are discomposed.

Emily. Who I! not I, not in the least.

Phæbe. I can't abide to be thought ungrateful.

Emily. So then, *Phæbe*, after all this parade of honour, and virtue, and love, you can make an affignation?——

Phæbe. Come, come, don't be suspicious; where you dread a rival, you may find a friend. I pity your uneasiness madam, nor will I ever be the cause of adding to it. Come then with me, and, if possible, endeavour to forget your jealous resentment. I warrant you all will be well yet. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

*An Anti-chamber.**Enter COLIN.*

A I R. XXIX.

*Oh booby, blockhead, numpskul, ass,
 Oh fatal strange mistake;
 I fear I've lost my dearest lass;
 Oh sure my heart will break.*

*Where shall I now my Phœbe find,
 Oh lovely, cruel fair;
 And will she then be still unkind?
 I tremble, I despair.*

I'm ruined, dead, undone. They have bewitched her, they have poisoned her, they have given her something to steal away her heart; and yet I scarce can credit it.—It is impossible — what *Phœbe* meet the prince, alone! alas! it is but too true. My folly has aggravated her to an entire neglect of me. Well, Heaven be thanked I am not quite friendless yet. The good-natured gentlewoman who brought me hither has promised to place me where I may over-hear all, and if I find my suspicions true, I know how to be revenged for the trick she has played me. Yes, I will give vent to my anger, yes, thou cruel, hard-hearted *Phœbe*, I'll tell you to your face that you are a false, ungrateful hussy,

huffey, and then—I'll go and hang myself; and then
—you shall never see me more.——But yonder's
the fine lady my friend and guide.——Lord! Lord!
how my heart beats! how I dread the event!

Exit.

SCENE V.

An apartment in the Palace.

Enter PHOEBE.

So then——hitherto all things are rightly disposed,
Colin now may be satisfied of our interview; how
strangely am I situated! at once the object of the
prince's love, which I never was ambitious of; of the
princess's jealousy, whom I wish to serve; and my
own *Colin's* hard suspicions, which are most unjust;
but here comes the prince.

Enter ASTOLPHO.

Well, my Lord, you find me an obedient servant;
what would your highness have with me?

Astolpho. Can that be a question now *Phæbe*, does
not the tenor of my whole behaviour explain itself to
you? Come, come, you know I love you.

Phæbe. Love me, alas my lord, I was born to
humbler hopes, and your highness can never be at a
loss for more worthy objects.

Astolpho. Worthier—Surely *Phæbe*, you take a plea-
sure in creating my misery.

H 2

Phæbe.

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Phæbe. No, I would rather wish to make you happy.

Astolpho. Alas ! I have wish'd, I have sigh'd a long time for a heart without guile, a heart that was simple and ingenuous; a happiness not to be met with at court.

Phæbe. Oh, my lord, that is a happiness you have always in your own power.

Astolpho. My power ! do you approve my passion then ? am I so blest ?

Phæbe. Indeed I will not hesitate one moment to make you so. Wait but my return and I will convince you. *Exit.*

Astolpho. What can this mean ? I am astonish'd, my spirits are all in arms, and my heart flutters with expectation.

Phæbe returns with Emily.

Phæbe. There my lord, (*presenting Emily*) that happiness is now your own ; and I feel a satisfaction in being the means of it. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter COLIN from behind.

A I R XXX.

*Confusion, tortures, death, despair,
Why am I thus betrayed?
Thy vows I whistle to the air,
Go, perjured, treacherous maid.*

(Emily looks at Colin, and enter Phæbe on the other side.)

*I see my fault, I blush for shame,
Oh joy to find thee true!
Oh nymph forbear that fault to blame
Which rose from love to you.*

Phæbe to Astolpho. Now Sir you are master of that treasure you so long desired; be happy in the possession of it. —And now, *Colin*, what is become of your jealousy? take care how you harbour again a fiend which destroys all peace.

Colin. I begin to revive again.

Emily to Astolpho. Assured as I am of your inconstancy, I might perhaps break out into reproaches, but your conduct afflicts me more than it offends, and makes me unhappy without being violent. I see, Sir, I have lost your heart. *(going)*

Astolpho. (stopping her) Stay, stay my princess, our hearts were not designed for such separation, *Phæbe*, it is true, by thus enlightning my bewildered senses has humbled

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humbled me sufficiently, and I should blush indeed, if I did not endeavour to imitate her. Her example shall excite me, and if my revived affections are worthy of a return, Hymen shall unite us on this day.

Emily. Love surely may excuse its own frailties. — Oh *Phæbe*, let me embrace thee, how much do I owe to your friendship!—how shall I reward you?

Phæbe. Leave that to *Colin*, madam, for from him alone I expect it. Come *Colin*, endeavour to amend your errors; here, take my hand, now you know all my vengeance.

A I R. XXXI.

*Again in rustic weeds array'd,
A simple swain, a simple maid,
O'er rural scenes with joy we'll rove,
By dimpling brook, or cooling grove.*

*Thy hands shall pluck, to grace my bow'r,
The luscious fruit, the fragrant flow'r,
Whilst joys shall bless, for ever new,
Thy Phœbe kind, my Colin true.*

Colin. Nor shalt thou be deceived—let us away with haste. We will be married strait, this is true joy indeed; what need of so much mystery to be happy?—but however, Sir, I pray you leave off your hunting on our grounds. Peace and quietness are better than all the honours in the world.

A I R.

A I R. XXXII.

*Why should I now, my love, complain,
That toil awaits thy chearful swain,
Since labour oft a sweet bestows
Which lazy splendour never knows.*

*Hence springs the purple tide of health,
The rich man's wish, the poor man's wealth,
And spreads those blushes o'er the face
Which come and go with native grace.*

*The pride of dress, the pomp of shew,
Are trappings oft to cover woe ;
But we, whose wishes never roam,
Shall taste of real joys at home.*

Astolpho. May heav'n protect you both, live long in peace and happiness, and share my bounties as you please.

Enter FABIAN.

Here are two old men come after *Colin*, and *Phæbe*, they make such a bustle and clamour one would think they were stark staring mad.

Astolpho. Oh bring them in, the happiness will now be general indeed. (*To Emily*) what uneasiness has my folly produced ! But——

DAMON (*without*)

I tell you, I will have my daughter.

HOB-

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HOBBINOL (*without*)

Give me my son, I say, body o'me, you smock fac'd chitterling; Oh, that I was but threescore for your sake.

Damon. Don't talk to me, my own's my own, and I will come in.

Phæbe. Good heavens! my father.

Enter HOBBINOL, and DAMON.

Damon. So, so, we have found you now—Adod, but we have not. They do nothing but make fools of us, I think.

Hob. For my part I believe it is the land of lies; I did not want such fine folks, our search is after a couple of stray'd children, and they told us they were here. (*Going up to Colin*) I pray you, Sir, can you tell me any tidings? (*discovering him*) Ods my life, its my own boy *Colin*; I am transported, I am overjoyed,—and why did not you answer your father, you dog?—Only see, *Damon*, how they have bedizened him, a looks for all the world like a king in the puppet-show.

Phæbe to Damon. And here too is your *Phæbe*, Sir, It is no wonder you should not discover me through this disguise, since even the quick sighted eyes of a lover have been deceived before now.

Damon. Have I recovered thee at last, my child! My neighbour and I have had a wearisome pursuit after thee.

Colin.

Colin. All is well that ends well, father; we shall now be as happy as the day is long, thanks to the prince there. In truth we are much obliged to him.

Hob. Oblig'd! quoth a, yes, yes, I suppose he has been very obliging.

A I R. XXXIII.

*No doubt but your foolscap has known
His highness obligingly kind,
— Odzooks I could knock the fool down,
Was e'er such a cuckoldy kind?*

*To be sure, like a good natured-spouse,
You've lent him a part of your bed;
He has fitted the horns to your brows,
And I see them sprout out of your head.*

*To keep your wife virtuous and chaste
The court is a wonderful school,
— My lord you've an excellent taste,
— And, son, you are a cuckoldy fool.*

*If your lady should bring you an heir,
The blood will flow rich in his veins,
Many thanks to my lord for his care—
— You dog, I could knock out your brains.*

DUETT.

Colin. *I scorn to be any man's slave,
I know what is proper and right.*

Hob. *You talk, Sir, exceedingly brave,
You puppy, get out of my fight.*

Colin. *Dear father, ne'er trust to report,
My Phoebe is true to her swain.*

Hob. *Then why this fine jaunt up to court?
You dupe, you're a cuckold in grain.*

Astolpho. Be not so distrustful, old friend. I have seen my error, and repent it. The temporary uneasiness you have found in the loss of your children, will be amply compensated in the happiness of to-day. Here (*taking Emily by the hand*) my affections are settled. *Phoebe* merits no suspicions, and if mutual love happily rewarded can ensure a blessing upon earth, her union to-day with *Colin* shall effect it. Come, come, we shall all be happy.

Emily to Hobbinol. You may be perfectly satisfied, Sir, your fears are all groundless. It is from the conviction of her innocence, and by her interposition, that all parties are reconciled. Surely you ought to be satisfied on this point, when you see I am.

Hob. Say you so? why then, come hither children, Heav'n bless you.—Body o'me, but I cry for joy.

Damon. Let me join my blessing too. And now, adod, I'm as gay as a lark, and as light as a cork.

Astolpho.

Astolpho. From this hour my bliss commences. How sweet it is to gain the affections of a heart which owes all its charms to innocence and simplicity ! but to find one without guile in the midst of courts, whose honesty of nature is not corrupted, though it is cultivated by art, makes up my peculiar felicity.

T R I O.

Colin. For thee my love shall ever burn,
Thou art my fondest aim.

Phoebe. My love shall yield thee sweet return,
I burn with equal flame.

Emily. No care shall e'er my soul annoy,
No fears my bliss destroy.

Colin. For thee my love shall burn.

Phoebe. My love shall yield return.

Emily. Love is our whole employ.

All. Oh, this is perfect joy.

F I N I S.

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A COMIC OPERA

Now from the heart my bliss commences
Sweet it is to gain the affections of a heart which owns
all its charms to innocence and simplicity, and to find
one without guile in the midst of craft; whose
honesty of nature is not corrupted, though it is cultivated
by art, makes up my peculiar fancy.

Act 1

Collins. For this my heart shall ever burn

Then cut my heart from mine

Phoebe. My heart shall be the same

I have with me a heart

I have. My heart shall be the same

Then cut my heart from mine

Collins. For this my heart shall burn

Phoebe. My heart shall be the same

Emily. Love is our only empire

All. O, this is perfect love

THE END